

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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A "NIXIE" LETTER

Some strange things happen in the mail service. There was that "Nixie" letter that Mark Winston never sent to the dead-letter office. It was the only time I ever knew the old man to fail to obey the regulations. He was a stickler for the rules, and when "breaking in" a new clerk—he broke in half the men in the division—he would always say, "Now such an order may appear foolish. Well, it's no business of yours; the government is paying men big salaries to get up those rules. You follow them, no matter what the consequences."

Mark had joined the Confederate Army when sixteen years old and had learned in that severe school to obey orders.

I had been his "helper" on the Southwestern Limited mail for nearly a year when he violated one of the plain regulations. True, he told the chief clerk about it as soon as he got to the end of his run, and that old fellow, being a man of the same kind as Winston, indorsed his action. But here is how it happened, and you can judge for yourself.

Mark and I were on train No. 3 that trip, and No. 3 is the hardest run in the eleven division of the railway mail service. It is work as hard as you can all night; and then, half the time, turn over unworked mail to the west end clerks. On this trip, however, we had missed an important eastern connection, and were running light. Mark was standing in the side door of the car at Dallas after the night's run, getting a whiff of morning air while the train stopped at the Union Depot.

Just before the train pulled out, a little lad, in a jaunty sailor suit, much worn but clean, came to the car door and looked up at Mark. He seemed to see something in the old man's face that encouraged him, for he fumbled in his pocket a moment, and then asked:

"Is this where you take the letters?"

"This is the place, son. Have you a letter to mail?" said Mark, stooping down. "Give it to me quick; the train's about to start." Mark took the crumpled paper as the train started. The boy cried to him, "It's for grandpa!" Mark looked at it, and it was only a sheet of paper scrawled all over with a child's hand writing. When we had distributed our mail, he took it up, and adjusting his glasses, tried to read it. Presently he handed it to me, saying, "See if you can make that out. Your eyes are younger than mine."

I had hard work doing it, but finally I read aloud:

DEAR GRANDPA—I want you to come and see me and mamma and bring us some money, 'cause mamma is sick, and the doctor says won't get better unless she has something good to eat. Papa said 'fore he died that if me and mamma got into trouble for me to write to you, for you had bushels of money in your bank on Canal Street. I told mamma I was going to write you, and she said, "No, no," and just cried. I think she cries a heap when I ain't there, 'cause the pillow is just as wet, but when I ask her about it, she laughs and says I am a foolish boy to think she cries, and then she hugs me and says I am like papa. Mamma's are strange, ain't they? I didn't know what to do about writing, for she said not to, but I told the doctor about it, and he said if my papa told me to write to you before my mamma told me not to, that I must do what he said. And then papa said you was a good man, but didn't like him 'cause he took your girl, and mamma says you said you would never have anything more to do with her if she married him, and she did. But the doctor says you was just joking, and mamma lies there on the bed, so pale and pretty, and I ain't got any money to buy her any oranges, or nothing. So you come and bring lots of money and we will have a big time. I will wear a green blue ribbon so you will know I am Curtis Eastland, and you wear a big ribbon most ten feet long, so I will know you are Colonel Curtis. I will be at the depot every train.

From your loving
GRANDSON,

"That's a pretty good Nixie," I said, shoving it into the box for illegible letters that we turned into the dead-letter section at the end of every trip.

"Hand that to me," said Mark. "I am going to send that letter to its owner."

"How can you?" I asked. "It has neither address nor stamp. Besides, the regulations say that all matter of this class shall be 'nixied.' We must follow the regulations, no matter what the consequences. There are men—"

The old man grew impatient and stopped me with, "Is it possible you never heard of Silas Curtis, banker, Canal Street. New Orleans? He's

the biggest one there, and—about the regulations, why, sometimes you must use common sense—if you've got any."

"This is queer talk from you. I appeal from Winston, the whimsical, to Winston, the stickler for rules and regulations."

The old man never noticed my remarks. Presently he said to himself more than to me:

"I can get the letter to him all right, but I'm not so sure of my man. He had the name in the army of being a crusty, hardheaded old man. His men liked him none too well, but he was brave as a lion, and not often are brave men bad. Anyway, I believe the boy's letter will bring him."

In the return mail given to No. 4 at the meeting-point was a letter addressed to Silas Curtis, New Orleans, Louisiana, marked "personal," and bearing a special delivery stamp. It contained the Nixie letter with the following note pinned to it:

MY DEAR SIR—The enclosed letter was mailed me at Dallas this date. It is of about eight years. I have supplied the address and forward to you. Should you be unable to come, write me at Fort Worth. Respectfully,
MARK WINSTON,
Railway Postal Clerk.

Going east that night, it was very dark when the train pulled into the Union Depot at Dallas, and rain was falling. Through the mist and fog the lights shone murky and dismal. Few people were around the station, and few passengers entered or left the train.

Mark and I stood in the side door, and looked out at the few comers and goers. Just as the train was nearly ready to start, we saw the boy who had given Mark the letter that morning coming away from the coaches, carefully folding a bit of blue ribbon. His face showed great disappointment.

In an instant Mark was out of the car and at the boy's side. He put his arm around him, and then the bell sounded. I helped the old man back into the car almost out of breath.

"Children are so unreasonable!" he said. "Now that little chap expected his grandfather here within ten hours after he had written him, and on an eastbound train, at that. I thought I would tell him he was too early, that was all."

During the night I saw Mark making some figures and talking to himself.

"Yes, he can go to Dallas on our return trip, and should be on our train. I told the boy so, and if he doesn't come—but, pshaw, he will come!"

Mark was restless the next day at Texarkana, slept little, and looked fagged out that night when we started west again. When we reached Marshall at about midnight, where we connected with No. 53 from New Orleans, Mark got out and went back where the passengers were boarding the train.

When he returned and it came his turn to take a sleep of an hour or so, he was nervous and restless. A little later I heard him say out loud:

"Well, I'm a big fool! Never thought about that through sleeper. Of course it was just hitched on to our train. There's where a banker would ride."

He was just opening his mouth to say something unpleasant when, high perched on an old man's shoulder, appeared the boy. The old man wore a blue ribbon of gigantic proportions, and the child and grandparent alike were laughing and happy.

The morning fog was lifting when our train rolled into the station at Dallas. The boys were offering morning newspapers, and the enterprising hackmen were soliciting patronage; the platform was crowded with a gay throng on their way to a picnic at Eagle Ford. The police had their hands full trying to preserve order and keep the crowd moving. Mark Winston stood oblivious of them, and looked and looked.

His face began to get hard, and his fingers tightened on the iron rod that served as a handhold on the mail-car door. The crowd surged this way and that, and it began to look dangerous for the women and children. Mark swung himself forward into the crowd without a word. Five minutes

later he came pushing back, disheveled and angry.

Mark was turning to enter the car when the little fellow cried:

"There's the man I gave the letter to, and the one you sent me the money by!"

I held Mark by the arm, and the old man came to the car and grasped his hand.

The locomotive bell was ringing, and there were tears in the eyes of both old men, as the elder said:

"I will get even with you for this, you old v'teran!"

The Confederate button on Mark's coat had betrayed him.

As the train moved out of the depot we looked after them. The Canal Street banker still held the boy upon his shoulders high above the crowd, and the morning sun shone brightly on the resplendent ribbon.—*Youth's Companion.*

Paradoxes of Chemistry.

We read with astonishment the accounts of the later marvels of science—radium and polonium. These things being new and unusual, rouse our wonder. Yet the commonest every-day things which are constantly about us have wonders equally great to unfold.

Ordinary table salt consists of two things. One is a metal called sodium. This metal is light in weight and silvery white in color. When thrown upon hot water it takes fire. The other is a gas called chlorine. This gas is heavy, greenish-yellow in color, and has a strong, suffocating odor. It is a deadly poison. Just think of it! When this metal and gas are made to combine they form common salt—a necessity of life!

That same gas, chlorine, unites with quicksilver. What do you suppose is formed? Calomel—calomel, which can be given to babies!

These same substances, quicksilver and chlorine, if joined in another proportion, form corrosive sublimate—a deadly poison!

Can there be anything more astounding than the fact that calomel and corrosive sublimate consist of exactly the same things, only in different proportions?

There is a gas called hydrogen. It is the lightest substance known. It burns with a blue flame and a slight explosive effect. There is another gas called oxygen. It is sixteen times as heavy as hydrogen.

It is the substance which makes everything burn. These united give—what do you suppose? Water. Think of that! Two gases both of which burn, form a liquid which destroys all fire.

When you burn coal you burn diamonds.

When you are writing with a graphite pencil (commonly misnamed a lead-pencil) you are writing with a diamond.

When a black faced comedian makes up with cork, he is smearing diamond dust on his face.

Can there be anything more wonderful than this? The diamond, the hardest substance known, and the soft, black soot in your chimney are exactly the same thing! And these two have precisely the same chemical composition that coal, charcoal, graphite and boneblack have. Think of the same substance being used in jewelry, to cut glass, to burn, to write with, to purify water and to decolorize molasses!

Truly the commonest of things present marvels easily equal to those furnished by radium or polonium. The wonders are there, if we will but open our eyes to see them.—*Frederick E. Breithut.*

Aphorisms

In all things it is better to hope than despair.—Goethe.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—Bishop Horne.

He alone is an acute observer who can observe minutely without being observed.—Lavater.

If the ancients left us ideas, to our credit be it spoken, we moderns are building houses for them.—A. B. Alcott.

Money dishonestly acquired is never worth its cost, while a good conscience never costs as much as it is worth.—J. P. Senn.

The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.—*Ex*

Having Fun With the Dentist.

Dentists have been given a commissioned rank in the army. At each military post in the United States there is now a dentist who holds rank as a first lieutenant. The innovation was received with a good deal of suspicion and disfavor in the army, for military men are conservative to a degree. Nevertheless, the government recognized that private soldiers have teeth, like everybody else, and that these teeth sometimes need professional attention.

Line officers were reconciled to the situation when they discovered they would no longer be duped by the soldiers obtaining permits to be absent from camp for a day or two at a time under pretense of going into town to consult a dentist.

When a dentist is stationed at the post it is found that the condition of the teeth of the men improved amazingly.

The dentists are not fully commissioned officers, as, instead of a commission, they have a contract with the government to act as dentists to the troops, with rank as first lieutenants. The distinction is vague to the civilian mind, but the army officers appreciate it and look to it carefully that the dentist does not exceed his prerogatives.

In a regimental post in the west the dentist who was sent there had, unfortunately for himself, an exaggerated idea of his position. He was terribly conceited to begin with and his appointment to the army had given him a serious attack of big head. He was an enthusiast over military affairs, his enthusiasm being only equalled by his ignorance in regard to everything of a warlike nature.

He took with him to the post a half-dozen or more uniforms of all kinds and descriptions, white gloves by the box, shoulder straps, epaulettes, and several yards of gold lace. He had never been at a military post before, and he was deeply impressed by the beautiful ceremony of "retreat," which is performed every evening at sundown.

The dentist that night was talking to some of the junior officers, and, swelling with importance, said:

"I suppose I'll have to appear at retreat to-morrow night."

"Of course," said the lieutenant, still full of West Point tricks. "You'll have to be out on your horse in full uniform and ride up and make your report like the other officers do. You noticed how the adjutant faced toward the regiment as it was drawn up in line and said, 'Officers front and center,' and that the officers at the word of command marched forward and stood in line in front of the adjutant and that then each one in turn saluted and said: 'Sir, E company all present or accounted for.' Well, you must ride out on your charger—"

"Charger," exclaimed the astonished dentist, "why I haven't got a charger."

"What?" shrieked the lieutenant and all the other officers in chorus. "You haven't got a charger?"

"No," faltered the dentist. "I didn't know I had to have one."

"Look here, old man," said the West Pointer, "you must read up a little on military affairs. The idea if your coming here as a lieutenant dentist and not having any charger! Don't let the colonel know it. You just hunt around and get a horse. Now, at review, after the other officers have made their report, you come riding out on your charger and salute by raising your saber three times over your head and—"

"Why," timidly put in the dentist, "I haven't any saber."

The truth of the matter is that dentists serving at military post are not permitted the dignity of carrying swords.

"Well," said the lieutenant, "I can't understand it, but I'll be your friend. I'll get a saber for you. Now, after you salute you make your report. An officer in command of a company reports how many men he has absent, but as you have no company and your duties are quite different, you will make report in regard to what you have done during the day."

The next night at retreat the regiment was in line and looked its best, for a large number of civilian visitors had run out from

the city and stood under the trees at one side watching the impressive sight. The officers had marched to the front and center and made their reports to the adjutant, when suddenly there was a commotion on the left flank of the line.

Around the corner of the big barracks dashed, or rather lumbered, a great, heavy footed sway-backed horse, which the dentist had borrowed that morning from a teamster in the small town near the post. Seated on the horse was a figure fairly radiant in a uniform that would have made Gen. Miles (or green with envy).

Straight at the horrified adjutant rode this fearful apparition. The horse was excited at the scene into which he had been thrust and showed a disposition of running over the adjutant, while the glorious figure on the horse's back, tugging hard on the reins, yelled: "Whoa! whoa!" Finally the horse stopped, and, while the long line of soldiers stood with their eyes popping from their heads, the colonel pinched himself to see if he were dreaming. The dentist then whipped out his saber and solemnly raised it three times over his head. Then in a shout he said:

"Sir, dentist-lieutenant present and accounted for. I report 18 teeth pulled to-day, four filled, and a false set of teeth started for Maj. Straps. I await your orders."

If a mine had been exploded under that regiment the effect could not have been more striking. The adjutant managed to regain his composure, however, and with his face black as a thunder cloud, answered solemnly and with the regulation salute:

"Very good, sir; return to your post."

The dentist, again waving his sword, attempted to obey, but in retreating his saber to its scabbard he stabbed his horse, and it promptly ran away.

There was a long interview that night between the dentist and the colonel, and after it was concluded the colonel had another interview with a certain young lieutenant in the regiment. The dentist does not attend retreat any more.

THE OLDEST COIN IN THE WORLD.

What is said to be the oldest coin in the world is a shekel now in the possession of Mr. Herman Gottschalk, of Chicago. This coin, it is said, was used in the Temple at Jerusalem in the days of King Solomon, as a token. It is the only perfect one in existence. The characters inscribed thereon are as follows: On the first side, reading from right to left, is Shekel Hakadosh, signifying Holy Shekel. Embazoned in the centre by the Star Mogin David—or the shield of David—in modern times called the star of Bethlehem. On the other side, also reading from right to left, is Jerusholajim, signifying Jerusalem.

The strangest thing in connection with the coin is that, while the body is of a bronze gold alloy about 70 per cent fine, the raised figures are pure gold. The assay of the coin was taken by Tiffany, of New York, and even the clever goldsmiths there, were unable to tell how the union of the letters and the coin was effected.

The history of how it came into Mr. Gottschalk's possession is interesting. From 1878 to 1882, he was interested in collecting money for the relief of the Jews persecuted in Roumania. His success was large, and while on the trip to Europe to deliver the funds, he met Dr. Leopold Klein, chief rabbi of Berlin. It was in reward for his enthusiastic services in behalf of the Roumanian Jews that Rabbi Klein bequeathed heirlooms—the gold holy shekel and a Bible, among others.

On the Bible, which is a rare illuminated copy of the Old Testament in Hebrew, are imprints of the holy shekel.—*Times Dispatch.*

All Pennsylvania Railway passenger cars are to be lighted by electricity storage batteries.

During July, 117 vessels of 25,460 tons, were built and officially numbered in the United States.

Friends of the Silent.

One of the most impressive services ever witnessed in the city of New Orleans was held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church yesterday afternoon, when Rev. R. W. Whildin, of Baltimore, delivered a sermon in sign language, the language of silence, to seventy-five or a hundred deaf-mutes. It was more than a sermon; it was a truth unfolding a truth, which said that surely God moves in mysterious ways his wonder to perform.

Rev. Whildin himself is speechless and without hearing, but in the language which nature first teaches the human being, that of signs and gestures, he is eloquent and full of expression. As he compressed his brow at wrong, or his countenance beamed with happiness, all that he felt was imparted to his congregation as wholly as if it had been conveyed through words to unaffected ears.

Prayers and hymns and a sermon went up to God, and not a sound was uttered. The thoughts were carried by supplication. Hands and eyes and faces said more than words, for speech would have been feeble among them. Like an infant holding outstretched arms to its mother for help, they stood in the holy place and looked up to their Maker.

The sermon was not spelled by the mute alphabet of the hand. It was delivered in signs and sweeping gestures that went to their minds too fast to be followed by the swiftest writer of shorthand. One sign embraced a whole phrase, and still another would come before the lips could form one word of the first. Every eye followed the minister's graceful gestures with a keen delight and sparkled like diamonds under a brilliant light in the effort to catch the thought expressed.

Among the congregation were beings ranging from infancy to old age. A little baby cried, but its wailing never reached the ears of the mother and father. None turned to look, for the cry of distress never reached them. All were eagerly watching the minister. Old women, bent and wrinkled, and far past the three score mark and ten, bowed their heads in approval, or nudged each other, as some simple truth was brought home to them.

It was a happy gathering. They do not meet often, and when they do, a longing, lingering look passes between them before they part. For an hour or more after the services were over they stood in groups and chatted in their speechless way with joy and smiles that well might be envied.

Similar services will be held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church regularly every three months. This kind and loving plan is the work of a circle in the Church called "Friends of the Silent." Much praise and many thanks do the noble men and women of that circle deserve for bringing about such services and meetings for these children of the soundless, speechless world.

Long before yesterday's service letters were sent by the "Friends of the Silent" to every deaf-mute that could be located in or around the city, and a cordial invitation was extended them to be present. In response they came from all parts of New Orleans, and the suburbs, and their gratitude for the thoughtful act was well-manifested. It was said that it was the largest congregation of deaf-mutes that ever attended services in the history of New Orleans.—*New Orleans Picayune, Nov. 30.*

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Classes meet at eight o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P. M.

Boy Who Kept His Eyes Open.

The negro laborers in diamond mines in South Africa bring to the surface great tubfuls of hard earth which contains rough diamonds and other large mineral substances. The earth it dried and softened in the air and then shoveled into washing machines, where the dirt is separated from the minerals. Then, until recently, it was necessary for laborers to go over the minerals and pick out rough diamonds with the hand.

This was a slow process. Among the employes in the sorting room of one of the mines was a boy, who set about trying to discover a way to separate the diamonds from the other stones more quickly and easily than by the slow process of hand picking. One day a rough diamond and a garnet happened to be on a small board on the bench where he was working. He picked up one end of the board when the garnet slipped off, but the diamond remained.

Investigating, the boy found that there was a coating of grease on the board which retained the diamond, but allowed the garnet to slip. Procuring a wider board he covered one side of it with grease and dumped a few handfuls of mixed minerals on it. Inclining the board shaking it a little all the minerals slid off excepting the diamonds. He then invented a machine and invited the big diamond men to witness the new method. The invention was an entire success, and the work of picking out the diamonds in all South African mines is now accomplished by machinery, and the young inventor is rich.

Animal Oddities.

Breton sheep are not much larger than a fair sized hare.

The mandarin duck is one of the most beautiful of aquatic birds.

The queen is always at the mercy of the bees and is a slave instead of a ruler.

A beetle one-third the size of a horse would be able to pull against more than a dozen horses.

The greyhound, which can cover a mile in a minute and twenty-eight seconds, is the fastest of quadrupeds.

The giraffe, armadillo and porcupine have no vocal cords and are therefore mute. Whales and serpents are also voiceless.

The glowworm lays eggs which are themselves luminous. However, the young hatched from them are not possessed of those peculiar properties until after the first transformation.

To escape from dangers which menace them starfishes commit suicide. This instinct of self-destruction is found only in the highest and lowest scales of animal life.

Alcohol and Water Contrasted

Alcohol looks like water, but its nature is very different from that of water.

Water will not burn; alcohol will. Water poured on a plant will cause it to grow and thrive; alcohol poured on a plant will kill it.

A fish which lives all its life in water would die at once if put into alcohol.

Every part of our body needs water; we would soon die if we could not get it. No part of the body needs alcohol; thousands of people die every year from taking it into their bodies.

Water softens our food and helps it to digest; alcohol hardens many kinds of food.

Water soothes and refreshes the body, outside and inside; alcohol inflames and irritates every part of it.

Water quenches thirst; alcohol creates thirst.

It is the nature of alcohol to create in one who takes it a desire for more.—*Blaisdell.*

The National Mine Workers of America now have 325,000 members. Of this number less than 20,000 are out on strike. The miners have \$999,610 in the treasury.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1903.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the lowliest
Nenth the all beholding sun.
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves
And not for all the race."

BELOW we give an extract from an article in the *New York Observer*, printed under the caption of "Quiet and Trusty Friends." It will touch the sensibilities of every reader who is a lover of books, whether he be one who reads only for the entertainment it affords, or that higher class of reader who seeks the combination of entertainment, instruction and profit. To one who has passed thirty of the best years of life in a world into which sound does not enter, the continuous, monotonous stillness would be maddening were it not for the pleasure which good literature affords. And we feel that the deaf everywhere will testify to the same experience and the same gratitude to the makers of books. The deaf have not the fine, exalted and discriminating literary tastes of "Augustus," part of whose charming letter in the *New York Observer* we append. Few of them would find much solace in perusing the sermons of Jonathan Edwards, whom Oliver Wendell Holmes characterized as "the salamander of divines." Nevertheless, in their own sphere of understanding, they can enjoy the sentiments so beautifully expressed in the subjoined extracts:

"The covers and curtains have all been taken off from my shelves, and there are the poets, and the prophets, the travellers with whom I climbed mountains and crossed rivers and tempted stormy oceans, before I went out alone and without choice of company, to view the countries and kingdoms of the world. Some of them seem to have grown older, even as I have done, and a few really look shabby and down-at-heel; but most of them are spruce and stand up straight, and their gilded titles look out at me with a welcome. A great many new faces have come into their company, which are asking for introduction. I am glad to see them, and do not think that my old friends will be jealous of these new aspirants for my friendship. Some of them are relatives of my old-time companions. Jonathan Edwards has several such acquaintances and relations, and Hawthorne, Howells, Andrew Lang, Johnson, Poe, Daniel Webster, and others, invite me to become acquainted with their new connections.

Those who read through this Book Number of the *New York Observer*, will learn about some of the new acquaintances who have joined the circle of friends in my unworldly retreat. A great many temporary visitors were there, properly called "novels." They do not remain long, for there is another room where they feel more at home. In that room the young people gather to laugh, and play games, and tell stories, and cook Welsh rarebits in a silver chafing-dish. Down there, then, go these "novel" friends and romancers; and most of the composite characters which are "made up" like actors on the stage. They serve to beguile a weary hour, or to bring sleep after an exciting day, and the young people like to play with them, and pass them from one to another, and pick jests or witty sayings out of them; but after a winter's visit these transients go out West, or to some Carnegie boarding-house, and I see them no more. Sometimes in my travels I find one of these in a lonely inn, or on a steamboat, and in a warmth of compassion I return his glance, and take him in hand, and possibly spend an hour in his company. I feel afterwards much as I do when an old sailor with whom I have made a brief voyage, turns up again, and would fain smoke a pipe in my company for the sake of old times.

"If I had allowed all of these visitors to stay with me, they would have crowded my real friends to the wall. As it is, every year some valued member of the household cries out to me from the rear of a shelf where he is almost suffocated with dust and cramped for room, and I find that a lot of gay people, in suits of green and white or black and gold with extraordinary trimming, have forced themselves in front of the valued member of my family. It may be the 'Man with the Wooden Face' has stood himself right in front of saintly George Herbert, or 'Lady Rose's Daughter' is flirting her skirts in the face of Jeremy Taylor. This will not do. Though I hate house-cleaning, I fear that nothing else will liberate some squire from Purgatory, possibly Dante himself may be among these imprisoned ones; and I seriously meditate a revision of my literary friends. Yet it is doubtful whether courage will hold out for such an undertaking. It is so much easier to leave things alone, and to say, 'Yes, dear Herbert, I know where you are, you are not forgotten; some Sunday morning I bring you out and we will repeat together:'

"Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright.
The bridal of the earth and sky."

"A few kindly words will set things right. Master Woodenface will soon go down stairs, and Lady Rose and her tribe will find a seat in the playroom or on a Carnegie shelf. Real virtue and true character will vindicate themselves in a library as well as anywhere in the world.

"I have books that have stood up to me and helped me for fifty years; they will not leave me now, even if I forget them for a time. They have been my consolers when other friends have passed away, and have never murmured at neglect and absence, nor been jealous of new and handsomer intruders. I will give them a home and a quiet resting place, even if I do not take them in my hands and caress them, as once I did some, especially the poets, or bend my face over them for hours as I have looked upon Scripture commentators in days gone by.

"There are books that I know and love, but have never read. The author of 'The Diversions of a Book-Lover' says:

"I am amused at the stolid ignorance of the nonbookish individual who tells you that he wonders why you want so many books, when you can never read them all; as if the chief thing about a book is the reading of it. We do not gather multitudes of books to read them, my Boston friends; the idea is a childish delusion. 'In early life,' says Walter Bagehot, 'there is an opinion, that the obvious thing to do with a horse, is to ride it; with a cake, to eat it; with a sixpence, to spend it.' A few boyish persons carry this further, and think that the natural thing to do with a book is to read it. The mere reading of a rare book is a puerility, an idiosyncrasy of adolescence; it is the ownership of the book which is the matter of distinction. The collector of coins does not accumulate his treasures for the purpose of ultimately expending them in the market-place. The lover of postage stamps, small as his horizon may be, does not hoard his colored bits of paper with intent to employ them in the mailing of letters. Truly, the reading of a first folio of Shakespeare, or of a first edition of Izaak Walton, or of the Gutenberg Bible, would be almost a desecration. Old Thomas Dekker had a dawning inspiration when he said, that a wise poor man is like a sacred book that's never read. When some one complained to Bedford that a book which he had bound did not shut properly, he exclaimed, 'Why bless me, sir, you've been reading it!'"

"I love to look upon some of my friends as they rest upon the shelves, and feel that I may yet know them more intimately if I will. I do not agree with Mr. Joline that a collector's books may not be read. Not at first should they thus be profaned, but as one becomes more intimate with them, and comes to love them and have personal feelings towards them, he must know them thoroughly, even though the knowledge means sacrifice."

WANT of space has necessitated the postponement of two quite interesting news letters till next week.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

DECEMBER.

13-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. Holy Communion.
2:30 P.M., Grace, Providence, R. I. Holy Communion.

15-3:30 P.M., N. E. Home, Allston.

20-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
3:30 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.
6:15 P.M., St. Peter's, Beverly. Holy Communion.

27-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Lowell. Holy Communion.
2:30 P.M., St. John's, Boston.
6:00 P.M., Trinity, Haverhill.

S. STANLEY SEABING,
664 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

Frank Henck is now working in a printing office in Fairport, N. Y. He makes good wages, as he is a first-class workman. He graduated from the New York Institution about fifteen years ago.

A deaf teacher in the Texas School won a diamond ring in a raffle a short time ago.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Summary of the Football Season.

KAPPA GAMMA ENTERTAINMENTS.

Basket Ball, Et Cetera.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Now that the football season is over, and the tattered garments of our gridiron heroes have been stored away with moth balls until next fall, it will not be amiss to give a brief summary of the team's work. Of course, we cannot say that the outcome has been successful. Of the ten games played only three have been victories, one of which was obtained by forfeiture. No matter if the season has not been a glorious one, the students are not at all pessimistic over the result. The men have at all times tried to do what was in their power, no matter whom the opponents were. Time and again they were pitted against teams that outweighed them twenty pounds to the man. Instead of being dismayed by this great disadvantage they played all the harder. It is a curious fact that the heavier the opposing team, the less were the injuries to our men, while it was the reverse on the other side. From this it cannot be inferred that our men resorted to slugging. Not once have they been guilty of such playing, and at times never gave a murmur when this was done by their opponents.

The work of Coach Rosson was all that could be desired. He worked under quite a drawback, owing to the lateness of the season at which he was summoned. Had he only taken up the work at the opening of the season, we rightly could have expected more of the team. But unfortunately two-thirds of the fall had passed before he took charge. Prof. Hall and Dr. Ely gave what assistance they could, but in the future it would be much better to obtain the services of a good coach who could give his undivided attention to the team.

The prospect for a good eleven next fall seems to be rather encouraging. The Reserves did especially well in all the games they played, and they had some very good material which can be worked into "Varsity form." Winemiller, who can be credited with the honor of being the season's star, and who played through to the end of every game, will graduate next Spring, as will Neesam, Mather and Schulte. The absence of these men will be felt, although their places can be filled by new men.

The season was in a way somewhat of a financial success, and the G. C. A. A. has a snug little sum laid away to begin the baseball and track seasons with. If the governing Board would only use discretion in the disposal of the funds at hand, we see no reason why the Association could not be run on a good financial basis. The students themselves have borne the greater expense, and by applying business principles to their dealings this great draw on their own pockets could be lessened.

Winemiller, f. b.	Games.	Chances.	Yds. gained.	Yds. lost.	Fumbles.	Full on ball.	Goal Kick.
Meunier, r. b. b.	7	92	273	1	3	4	1
Kutziel, l. b. b.	13	9	45	2	1	1	1
Blodell, l. b. b.	23	17	72	1	2	1	1
Stevens, r. e.	43	78	78	1	2	1	1
Erd, l. e.	53	15	104	2			
Neesam, r. t.	53	17	30				
Brune, l. e.	23	1	14				
Mather, l. t.	7	22	109				
Garrett, r. g.	6	7	23	1	1	1	
Chandler, l. g.	33						
Brune, l. e.	23	1	4				
Winston, e.	63	37	417	15	2	1	
Phelps, g. b.	3	25	97	1			
Mosier, f. b.	3	9	20	1			
Reichard, r. e.	3	9	20	1			
Schulte, c.	11						
Eschertich, r. b. b.	3	3	10	3			
Cooley, r. e.	1	1	14				
Schoneman, l. e.	13	1	5				

From the above graphic summary it will be noticed that the greatest number of gains was made by quarter-back Phelps. This is due to the new rule which permits this player to run with the ball after going five yards to either the right or left before rushing forward. The games with the Naval Cadets, Lafayette and U. of Md., are not included in the list, for the reason that our scorer was not at these games.

The last literary meeting of the "Lit" for the present term was held Friday evening. Below is the order of exercises:

ESSAY—"Larger Politics and the Larger Life." Mr. Roberts, '04.

DEBATE—Resolved, That the action taken by the U. S. in regard to the Panama question is justifiable. Affirmative—Mr. Lindstrom, '06, and Mr. Bruns, '07. Negative—Mr. Fugate, '06, and Mr. Peyton, '07.

The judges, Messrs. Drake, '04,

Stevens, '05, and Marshall, '04, decided in favor of the affirmative side.

DIALOGUE—"The Duelist"—Messrs. Horton, '07, and Jackson, I. C.

DECLAMATION—"The Man with the Hoe"—Mr. Cooley, '05.

We think Mr. Roberts could have chosen a more interesting subject for his essay, which would have savor less of textbooks.

The debate and the dialogue were both very good, and the wisdom of having a Reading every now and then instead of a dialogue is becoming plain. Over use always leads to abuse. It was indeed too bad that Mr. Cooley had not committed his part well enough. Our friend has a good manner of giving recitals in signs and we expected more of him.

By the way, the Society is now making arrangements to dispose of 75 per cent of its funds for the purchase of new books. This is done each year and the number of volumes is now almost up to the thousand mark. Suggestions from old students would gladly be accepted by the Secretary.

On Saturday evening, Prof. and Mrs. Hall pleasantly entertained the officers of the Kappa Gamma Fraternity at their home on Florida Avenue. Besides the officers, the Normal ladies and several of the Kendall School teachers were among the guests. The most interesting diversion of the evening was what we may call mind reading or hypnosis. One was sent out of the room and then a key was hidden. The person was then brought in, and the hand of one of the others was placed upon his forehead—the second person thinking of nothing except the key and where it was hidden. Most every one who tried the trick never failed to find the key.

Another interesting pastime was to see how many small articles fastened on a large blotter could be retained in the mind after only a glance; and to test the delicacy of touch of each one present, by trying to make out what a number of small articles in a bag were without seeing them. Miss Peet and Mr. Drake won the prizes in these two contests. Miss Goldstein, Miss Marbut and Mr. Reichard won the honors in the silhouette contest.

A game of blow ball caused much merriment. Two teams, captained by Messrs. Drake and Neesam, chose sides and tried to see who could blow a small ping-pong ball between the goal posts of a miniature foot-ball field on the table. The former called his team the "Tammany Ring," and the latter dubbed his side the "Blowers." After ten minutes of play, "Tammany" won by the score of 36 to 30.

It was past eleven when the guests departed, after having spent a very pleasant evening with the host and hostess. Those present were—Messrs. Neesam and Drake, '04, Phelps, Erd and Stevens, '05, Reichard, Lindstrom, Forse and Mikesell, '06, and Misses Peet, Patterson, Bowden, Marbut, Fay, Falfalfero, Mrs. Nicholson and Goldstein.

The G. C. A. A. has obtained leave from Dr. Gallaudet and Instructor Adams to get up a basketball team. It is not likely that a regular team will be had this year, and an interclass tournament during the holidays will be the feature.

The boys from Minnesota, from having the largest representation at college, are trying to cut a big figure by challenging any team that the rest of the students can make up. Saturday they met defeat at the hands of the boys from Pennsylvania, and are now ready to give up the ghost. The line up in this game was as below:

MSN. (5)	POSITION	PENN. (6)
Joyce	Right Forward	Reichard
O'Donnell	Left Forward	Cooper
Bruno	Centre	Mather, '04
Johnson	Right Guard	Mather, I. C.
Wys	Left Guard	Schulte

Umpire—Stevens, '05. Referee—Peyton, '07. Baskets—Cooper (6), Mather, '04, (3), Wys, (1), and O'Donnell (1) and (1) on a foul.

On Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, a special service was held in the Church of the Covenantant for the ordination of Mr. Herbert D. Gallaudet, youngest son of Dr. Gallaudet, to the ministry. The young minister will begin his labors somewhere in North Carolina, in the near future.

Mr. George Fick will give a moving picture entertainment under the auspices of Trinity Deaf-Mute Parish in this city, on Wednesday evening, December 16, at 8 o'clock. In last week's letter it was stated that Mr. John H. Mueller was acting as his advance agent, and after having mailed it, it was learned that Mr. Mueller had been called to his home in Cincinnati to the bedside of his sick mother.

Mr. John Eschertich left College last week owing to ill health. He will remain a few weeks in Pittsburgh, and then spend the remainder of the winter in Los Angeles, Cal. The co-ed's have organized their basketball team, and it will be made up for the following young ladies:

Miss Marks, '07 (Captain), Miss Tade, '07, Miss Smrha, I. C., Miss Thornton, '07, and Miss Williams, I. C. The ladies of the Faculty are also going to get up a team with

the avowed purpose of vanquishing the co-eds. The girls are especially desirous of administering defeat to the Forest Glen girls, who have defeated them several times in the past.

The *Buff and Blue* is soon to add a new proof press to its printing office outfit.

H. D. DRAKE, '04.

Dec 7, '03.

WEST VIRGINIA.

[Send news for this department to John C. Bremer, 3523 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.]

The deaf of the Romney School celebrated the holiday as follows:—

"THANKSGIVING went by very pleasantly with our people. In the morning we had chapel services as usual and in the afternoon the children had holiday. From seven until half past nine all enjoyed an associate meeting and they seemed to be delighted with the games and other features of the evening. There is always some objection to throwing the pupils together on account of the lingering social effects but the pleasure and gratification seems to outweigh these objections and we welcome these holidays which break the monotony of school life and start us off again, teachers and pupils, with zeal and earnestness. In addition to the other pleasant things of the day many of the pupils received boxes from home and their faces beamed with happy recollections as they became the recipients of these packages."

On Sunday last, the 8 o'clock A. M. train, which Miss Lucy K. McAdams and yours truly took for Washington, Pa., ran a race with the snow storm, and when it arrived there, the depth of the snow was a little less than at Wheeling. They were at the station met Mr. Charles A. Bailey, who we noticed was in a critical condition. His right thumb was awfully cut while cutting cabbage on a sieve, and the stiffness of his right arm and soreness of his head was caused by sliding. The visitors were splendidly entertained all day by Mr. and Mrs. Bailey and their son Robert McKee.

Mr. Charles Bailey works in a glass factory in Washington, Pa., but hopes to return to this State again.

The *Tablet* says: "Many houses in Romney are very much like those of colonial times. Several are over a century old and there are some places in Romney connected with the early annals in history. An old house which was built by Lord Fairfax still stands. Romney is a very picturesque old town."

In one of these houses Mr. Abraham D. Hays, before building a house of his own, used to live. It was in this house that "Stonewall" Jackson's headquarters were during the Civil War.

In a foot ball game, the other Saturday with the Frostburg, Maryland, at Romney, Mr. Sterling Yeager of the deaf stars, broke his leg below the knee. He is a great athlete.

Mrs. Frank E. Philpott, of Akron, O., expects to spend the coming holidays at her home, in Clendenin.

Mr. Daniel Rollins, of Central Station, was in Pennsylvania last week, calling on Mr. Alexander J. McMullen, before the latter's absence to Shinnston for a time. Daniel had a narrow escape there, from being run over by a buggy, but survived it to say, as in his letter, "I am pleased to read the JOURNAL."

Mr. Elijah W. Miller, of New Martinsville, will be up here tomorrow.

Miss Texie Yeager, of Marlinton, may go to Danville, Ky., after Christmas.

Those who left the Romney School in the eighties will be glad to know that Mr. E. K. Shoop is still alive at Charlesburg. Before moving there, he used to reside in Beansville. Recently he met Mr. Daniel Rollins again at Central Station after fifteen years.

Mr. J. B. Artrip, of New Martinsville, has been missing strangely for several weeks. He has not been seen by his glass-workers. They cannot ascertain his exact whereabouts, but the local deaf in Wheeling remember that during his visit, said that he would leave for Padon City for a job.

Dec. 5, '03. J. C. B.

CHURCH NOTICES.

3D SUNDAY IN ADVENT, DECEMBER 13TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. 3 P.M. St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

Church of Zion and St. Timothy, 334 West 57th Street, New York City, at 8 P.M. Thirty-first Anniversary Service of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Rosh-ton. Service and Sermon interpreted in sign language. Recitation of a hymn in signs by five deaf ladies in vestments.

Lecture by Mr. Murray Campbell in St. Ann's Guild-room, Tuesday evening, December 15th. Subject, "The History of Tammany Hall." Free to all, with a hearty welcome.

PHILADELPHIA.

An Elaborate Wedding Ceremony.

DEAF COUPLE'S GRIEF.

Impressions of Gotham.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A very pretty and unusual wedding was performed in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church this afternoon at 3 o'clock. The principals in this interesting ceremony are both deaf.

The groom is the Rev. Franklin C. Smielan, of Carlisle, and the bride Miss Grace Alberta Parkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Parkinson, residing at No. 815 Walnut street.

The ceremony was performed by Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, bishop of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, who was assisted by Rev. F. A. Warden, rector of the church.

The bride wore a beautiful dress of white silk lansdowne, cut en traine, handsomely trimmed with duchess lace and bead pearls; the yoke was shirred and elaborately trimmed with chiffon and the skirt finished with a flounce and pearl trimming completed a costume that was a model of the modiste's art. She wore a long tulle veil, and carried a white prayer book.

The maid of honor, Miss Ada Groff, wore white Paris muslin trimmed with chiffon and pearl buttons, and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses.

The groom was attended by the Rev. Herbert S. Hastings, assistant rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, of Harrisburg.

The ushers were George Sloud, Percy Bowers, Harry Desher, and Alex Shultz.

The bridal party entered the church to the strains of music of the great organ presided over by Mrs. Andrew Kehoe. The ritualistic service of the church, which includes the ring in the ceremony was used.

Rev. F. C. Smielan is distinguished for his remarkably successful missionary work among the deaf and dumb communicants of the church, who to the number of four hundred reside in this state and to whom he ministers and preaches in the sign language.

The bride is the daughter of A. L. Parkinson, engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad, and is highly educated and accomplished.

The couple were the recipients of many handsome and costly presents, consisting of gold and silver table ware, cut-glass dishes and vases, furniture, rugs, cushions, pictures, bric-a-brac, table and bed-linen.

After a wedding tour the couple will reside in Carlisle, where the groom can the more readily come into prompt contact with his widely scattered parishioners.

Among the guests in attendance were the Rev. J. M. Koehler, of Philadelphia, Henry Smielan, of Kenton, Ohio, the groom's father, and deaf-mutes from Lancaster, Marietta, York, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Steelton, Lebanon, Easton and Reading—Columbia, Pa., "Spy," Dec. 3, '03.

Rev. Mr. Smielan is too well-known to need any introduction here. However a few facts regarding his steady advancement since leaving the Ohio School may not be out of place. He took a collegiate course at Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., and graduated with the class of '97, taking the highest honors then. The following Fall he entered the Philadelphia Divinity School to study for the ministry, and here again he showed great proficiency in his studies. He graduated with the class of '00, in which (if we remember correctly) he stood fourth in order of merit. During his connection with the Divinity School, he also filled the position of Lay-Reader at All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia. After graduation, he was placed in charge of the missionary work among the deaf in the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, which post he still holds, and which was formerly held by Rev. J. M. Koehler. He was ordained Deacon and Priest and married by the same Bishop.

Miss Parkinson, now Mrs. Smielan, graduated from the Mt. Airy School in 1899, and spent a year at Galludet College.

The many friends of the couple throughout the State will doubtless join us in wishing them a bright, happy and prosperous wedded life. Mrs. Edward D. Wilson tendered her husband a birthday party at their home on North Sixteenth Street, on Wednesday evening, 2d inst. Mr. Wilson was remembered with some handsome gifts, and a delightful evening was spent by all. Delicious refreshments were served the guests, among whom were a number of relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and the following deaf:—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mayer, Jr., Misses Mamie McBride, Susie McKinney, Maggie Laird, Dora

Kintzel and Messrs. William Lee, Harry G. Gunkel, Howard E. Arnold and Harry B. Brandt.

Brewster Randall Allabough, Jr., passed away after a long illness on Thanksgiving night. Taken sick with the inflammation of the bowels at Lake Wayasee, Ind., July 3d, the same day of their arrival from Pittsburg, and for a while his life hung by a thread, but at last he rallied up. Two weeks after returning home, the baby continued improving. He was doing well toward the end of October, when he suddenly changed for the worse on the 25th. He kept growing worse and worse, though struggling very pluckily for life, until death brought relief to him.

The cause of his death was hydrocephalus. He simply slept away. Although the loving parents desired to keep the darling one, yet they knew that God was very kind to take him away instead of letting him grow to be miserable all his life. The remains were sent, after a funeral service at the house of the bereaved parents at 3 P. M., the following day, to Norristown, near Philadelphia, for interment. Mr. Allabough accompanied the body. Rev. F. C. Smielan, one of the baby's God-fathers, met him at Harrisburg at 2 A. M. Saturday, and accompanied him to Norristown, where another funeral service was held. Rev. Mr. Smielan acting as interpreter. Body buried in Montgomery Cemetery, just twenty yards from where Mr. Allabough's beloved parents lie at rest.

Mr. George S. Porter, of Trenton, N. J., entertained the members and friends of the Clero Literary Association with a reading of "The Eternal City," by Hall Caine, on Thursday evening, third of December. It was Mr. Porter's "maiden" effort before the Association, and he succeeded in giving a most interesting delivery. A good-sized audience greeted him.

Mrs. George Bitner, of Steelton, who was formerly Mrs. Babcock, of Harrisburg, died of pneumonia on Friday, December 4th, leaving a husband and three boys to survive her. Her funeral took place from Trinity Church, Steelton, on Sunday, 6th of December, Rev. F. C. Smielan having officiated.

In company with Mr. William McKinney, the writer visited New York from Saturday afternoon to Sunday evening, December 5th and 6th. Now, following a custom started by our esteemed friend, Mr. Maynard, we shall give a few impressions of our visit. Sunday morning, we were under the able guidance of Mr. Moses Heyman, who was also our generous host. A trip down Broadway was first on the program—and what do you think interested us most. The horse cars. We had not seen any horse cars for a number of years, Philadelphia having discarded them so long since, so it seemed an unusual sight to us, and such a tribute to New-York's wonderful progress as a city! Passing under the shadow of the flat-iron building, we espied a large sign with the name Pach Bros., and at once concluded to call on Brother Pach. But, to our regret, our brother was not there. Whether he was attending

NEW YORK.

In Loving Memory of Rev.
Thomas Gallaudet, D.D.

THE UNION LEAGUE'S ENTERTAINMENT.

A Pleasant Social Reception.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Last Sunday was a memorable occasion at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The congregation was quite large, and almost filled the seating capacity of the little edifice.

The service was made quite impressive by the choir of six young ladies.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain was never more vigorous in his sermon.

There were over sixty who received the Holy Communion.

Three prominent Philadelphians were present, in the persons of Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mr. James S. Reider and Mr. William McKinney. They came as delegates to make formal presentation of a "Bishop's Chair" to St. Ann's, in memory of the late Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. To the lay mind it seemed that some formal address should have been made, but none occurred.

After the service the congregation had an opportunity to see the gift, which had been placed in the church at the extreme right.

It is a beautiful specimen, both in design and execution, and is the work of a Philadelphia deaf-mute, named Charles J. Poole. The chair has at the apex of the back a carved representation of a bishop's mitre, and below the monogram of the letters I. H. S., meaning Jesus, Saviour of mankind. A silver plate to be attached to the chair, is also of deaf-mute workmanship, being made and engraved by Mr. Otto Koenig, of Philadelphia. The inscription on it is:

"To the Glory of God and in Loving Memory of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., the founder of All Souls' Mission to the Deaf in Philadelphia in 1859.

Presented by the congregation of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, 1903."

Messrs. Reider and McKinney enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, and returned to Philadelphia on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Syle was entertained by several friends on different days of her stay, which she prolonged to the end of this week.

At the Parish Meeting at St. Ann's last Tuesday, Mrs. Syle made a short extempore address, which was greatly appreciated, and she was given a vote of thanks.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE.

Extra tickets have been ordered to be printed for the use of the box-office at the entertainment and ball of the Union League on December 19th, as all the regular tickets have been probably sold. Stage Manager Basch has succeeded in making splendid actors of several of the Union League boys, and the title of the farce is "No cure, no pay," and the play will be full of laughable absurdities. He also contracted for five unusually good acts by professional talent with the principal view to pleasing the eye of the deaf. One of them, at least, will be put in to delight the ear of the hearing portion of the audience. This expense alone will be very heavy, but it will be met, as the Union League believe in the good old saw, "no venture, no pay," and predict to be on the right side of the ledger by a handsome margin. The length of the show will be two hours and a quarter. The curtain will positively rise at half past eight.

A whist tournament was being held in the beautiful apartments of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonson on Madison Avenue last Saturday and although, not so stated in invitations sent to friends, it was nevertheless in honor of the second anniversary of their wedding. Congratulations were the order of the evening, and by nine, six tables were put into operation and two hours were spent at cards. There were eight prizes, two of which were of the booby kind. For the ladies, H. C. Dickerson captured the first prize; Miss Ray Moser second prize; Miss Bella B. Benninger, third prize; and Mrs. H. C. Dickerson, booby prize. For the gentlemen, A. C. Bachrach got the first prize; Leo Simonson, second prize; Morion Moses, third prize; and Walter I. Callahan booby prize. Besides these winners, among those who "also ran" were the Misses Etie and Nettie Simonson, Ruth J. Bodenweiser, Eva Wachs, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sonneborn, Mr. and

Mrs. C. C. McMann, Messrs. J. O. Fitzgerald, Chas. T. Hummer, E. F. Wolgamot, James B. Gass, Sam. Frankenheim, H. C. Kohlman and M. W. Loew. Then a sumptuous collation was served with a huge pyramid of California fruit in the centre. The souvenirs for the ladies were large American Beauty roses laden with bouquets, and those for the gentlemen were tiny bumpers with a bottle of champagne in each, and with rock-candy to represent broken ice. Altogether it was a grand repast and certainly rose to the dignity of a banquet. Toasts were drunk to the health of the host and hostess, and other felicitous addresses were made.

The meeting, on the 25th inst., held in the room of the Union League was full of exciting incidents on account of the nominations for officers for the year of 1904. President Frankenheim and Treasurer Loew both refused re-nominations, and both tickets were put in the field for election on December 24:

For President—F. W. Naboor and A. C. Bachrach.

For 1st Vice President—A. C. Bachrach and S. A. Gomprecht.

For 2nd Vice President—J. Keiber, Jr., and H. C. Kohlman.

For Secretary—M. L. Kenner and H. C. Dickerson.

For Treasurer—L. A. Oppenheimer and S. Hirsch, Jr.

On Saturday evening, December 5th, a small informal reception was given by Miss Nellie Lorigan to a few of her friends, at the residence of her parents on West 133d Street, from 8 to 10:30 o'clock, and it was very successful. About twenty-five of New York's silent people attended. The evening hours were very pleasantly spent in conversation and games of various kinds, to the winners being awarded prizes by the hostess. In the "Pinning of the Bicycle Rider" Miss Katie Ehrlich and Wm. Scott Abrams won firsts respectively. For proficiency in throwing cards into a hat, Miss Emma Thadwald and Herman Beck were rewarded. For coralling the most number of peanuts with a spoon, Miss Agnes Craig and Mr. Thomas F. Fox received prizes. The prizes were beautiful and useful, being composed of paper cutters, magnifying glasses, spoons, miniature frames and pictures. At half past ten the merry company sat down for refreshments, consisting of salads, sandwiches, ice cream, cake and cafe noir, and justice was done to the excellent viands. Mr. and Mrs. Lorigan, the parents of the hostess, assisted greatly in the arrangements of the evening, as did Mr. Fox with the games. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Lorigan, Miss Nellie Lorigan, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Fox, Misses Agnes Craig, Mabel Pearce, Violet Pearce, Louise Kummer, Rachel Fenall, Katie Ehrlich, Sarah Howard, Gertrude Turner, Elizabeth Anderson, Lucy A. Greene, Elizabeth Thadwald, Annie Kugeler, Mrs. Susan Knox, and Messrs. J. H. Keiser, R. E. Maynard, E. Elsworth, Herman Beck, James Avers, C. E. Vernon and W. S. Abrams.

A large party of deaf people suddenly descended on the residence of Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, Monday evening. It was the occasion of his 65th birthday. The Doctor was taken completely by surprise. His numerous friends had contributed to the purchase of a handsome revolving chair. Mr. Jones in a few well chosen words made the presentation speech, to which Dr. Chamberlain feelingly responded. Miss Chamberlain and her beautiful daughters, not to be outdone, hustled about and prepared cocoa and cake which were served to the assembled guests. We hope the good doctor will have many more such happy occasions.

Mr. Adam Lebrecht died, at his residence, 15 Clinton Street, Wednesday evening, December 20, from paralysis, aged 66 years. He was buried in Lutheran cemetery, Sunday. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain conducted the funeral services. Mr. Lebrecht was a painter by trade. For five and a half years he has been incapacitated from work by paralysis. His wife, almost as old as himself, worked hard to keep the little house together. We sympathize with her in her hour of bereavement.

While in New York recently, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet called at the big jewelry store of Tiffany & Co. He had a conversation with Mr. Cook, who is one of the head men in the concern, and was gratified to learn of the high esteem in which Mr. Lippens is held, and of his extraordinary skill in the manipulation of precious metals.

Mr. Coombs, father-in-law of Mrs. Emma Coombs, died, last week, of cancer. A few years ago he had a wife and family of five children, but death took them off one by one in the bloom of life till now only a daughter and daughter-in-law are left to mourn for him.

Messrs. Bachrach, Loew, Frank Brown, Moise Chaugon, Prinsing McKenna, and Morten Moses, of Newark, N. J., were spectators at the starting of six day Bicycle Race at Madison Square Garden, on Monday morning.

Stewart Pach, eldest son of Mr. Alex. L. Pach, is now embarked in the railroad business. Last week he entered the employ of the Central Railroad of N. J., as corresponding clerk. Some day we may see him in the presidential chair of the same company.

Mr. Korngold has an office of trust and responsibility with a big tobacco factory in this city. He is well liked by his boss and is proud of the latter's son, who has gone to Cuba to make an exhaustive study of the different grades of tobacco grown on that island.

Mr. Joe Plass, an uncle of Mrs. Samuel Cox, died at his residence in the Bronx on Friday last. Mr. and Mrs. Cox came from Port Washington, L. I., to attend the funeral on Monday afternoon.

Miss Annie Rosenthal came from Albany, N. Y., to attend the wedding ceremony of a friend. She looked quite charming and the picture of health.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Rev. O. J. Whildin returned home from his southern trip, where he has a large field to do missionary work among the deaf. He went as far as New Orleans and reported getting along very successfully, and speaks highly of our southern deaf-mute's hospitality.

Mr. John Mueller, since going to Washington, D. C., has gone to Ohio to see his mother, whose health is declining. He has our sympathy.

Miss Grace Okie was the guest of Miss Rouse for a few days, and then went to Washington, D. C., for a few days to see her *Alma Mater*. From there she will go to Europe with her mother. "Jacob Walowski" had the pleasure of meeting her while going to Washington.

Miss Rouse's father's large wholesale house was destroyed by a fire, which proved to be one of the most formidable the firemen have ever fought. Loss fully insured.

Mr. G. Theis, who is considered the best fresco decorator in this city, by his employer, will go to New York soon to do some work for his boss. Recently he went to Pittsburgh and was there for three weeks.

A deaf lady from Virginia was brought to Franklin Hospital to have her eyes examined, as she has suffered with them greatly. The reporter fails to recollect her name which was given to him by a little girl at the M. E. Church.

We were informed that Rev. Mr. Smielan was married to Miss Parkinson last Wednesday. Both have our best wishes for a bright and happy married life. Rev. Smielan is well known here, having come to Baltimore several times when he was a "college boy" at Gallaudet.

"Jacob Walowski" purchased a ticket from Miss Shipley. It runs as follows: "Fair, to be held at the hall of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf, December 16-17, 1903. Admission 10 cents." It will be the first fair since the society was reorganized, and there will be no doubt a large crowd at the fair, as the society always had before. I understand that Miss Anna Barry is "Chairman," and she knows how to make the fair attractive.

Mr. Messenberger, who is one of the tallest men in Baltimore, was seen walking with Mr. Driscoll, who is only 4 feet, on the street.

We would advise our country cousins not to come to Baltimore in quest of work. At present, it is hard to get a job, for it is generally dull.

It was reported that Mr. Fred Menkel, our merchant, fainted at the wedding of Mr. McElroy and Miss Maggie Beimschla. Perhaps he imagined he was to be married.

JACOB WALOSKI.

LEBANON, PA.

Last Friday Misses Moyer and Bucks attended Rev. Smielan's wedding, in Columbia. They reported that it was a splendid, grand ceremony.

Miss Katie Stetser, of Lancaster, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Lohse of this city, from Thanksgiving Day, till Sunday afternoon, and then for Lancaster with Mr. Lohse, as he had obtained a good job at cigar-making there. She was highly pleased with her visit and also very much impressed with our city.

Mr. Brossman, of Red Run, Lancaster Co., was in town to pay his cousin a visit at that time. In the mean time, he called on his deaf friends. He had his pictures taken at Mr. Wolf's gallery.

Ar Aaron Buchter has returned here to work at the handkerchief factory.

Mr. Chas. Buchter made a pleasant call on Miss Katie Biely, of Annuille, this afternoon.

Messrs. Harrison Yoder and Rogers Williams, of Reading, spent Sunday with Miss Minnie Bucks, of Hebron, one mile from Lebanon, last Sunday.

Rev. Franklin Smielan, of Carlisle, was united in matrimony to Miss Grace Parkinson, of Columbia, by Bishop Talbot, assisted by Rev. J. M. Koehler, of Philadelphia, at St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, in the latter city, last Friday. We extend our hearty congratulations to them. C. J. B.

OHIO.

A New School Code to be Prepared.

KILLED BY THE CARS.

The Charity Ball a Success.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Superintendent Jones on Saturday last, presented the Annual Report of the Institution to the Governor. The whole number of pupils in daily attendance was 514, and with the employees the number of people maintained by the State was 561, making the per capita cost \$232.21. A new school code is to be prepared and presented to the legislature, and Superintendent Jones recommends that provisions be made in it for boarding schools in the larger cities where demand, for deaf children between the ages of six and fourteen years of age, the same to be under the control of the trustees of the Institution, and the expenses to be borne by the State and paid for as other expenses. The pure oral should be used in these day schools. After a pupil has reached his fourteenth year in these schools, he is to be sent to the Institution here to complete his education. \$127,750 is asked for running the school for next year. The total expenses last year were \$130,249.46.

Thursday noon Miss Loretta Jones breathed her last at the home of her mother, 105½ South High Street, this city. Since last February she battled with the disease to which she succumbed, consumption. She formerly was employed in the State bindery for a number of years and later as a proof reader on several of the newspapers of the city; her last work being on the *Citizen*, whose owner, during her sickness, continued her wages and in other ways rendered her days of confinement pleasant. Miss Jones was a member of the Ladies' Aid Society, and took a great deal of interest in the deaf and home. She was also a member of Typographical Union No. 5, under whose auspices her funeral will be held from the Wilson Avenue Reformed Church to-morrow afternoon. Miss Jones leaves a deaf sister, Mrs. Ida M. Willing, of Coolville, Athens County, Ohio, Mrs. Eva Zepf, of New York City, and two brothers.

John Baker, of Youngstown, Ohio, while walking on the tracks of the Erie R. R., at Freeman Station, near Ravenna, Ohio, was run down and killed by a train. He was about 26 years old, and left school here last June, with his brother, Charles. Both had formerly been pupils in the Western Penn. Institution. He had a penchant for track walking despite often repeated advice given him.

Rev. A. W. Mann will preach to the deaf in the chapel of Trinity Church at 10:30 A. M., on the 13th, and conduct the Institution service in the afternoon, after which he will go up to the Home, and in the evening give the people there a religious talk.

At the Thanksgiving service at St. Agnes' Mission, Cleveland, given by Rev. A. W. Mann, the venerable James McClave, of New London, was present and he also attended the social of the deaf at the same place.

The Charity ball given in aid of the Home, came off last evening at the Institution, and proved a pleasing event for those who attended it.

The dining room was used, wherein the light fantastic was tripped and afforded abundant room for the one hundred and fifty or more couples to trip the dizzy haze. The floor was as smooth as glass. An orchestra, screened by potted palms gave forth excellent music. Lemonade, ices and wafers were served, during the evening. Just what the receipts were, we are unable to state just now, but they will foot up over \$300.

Stewart Earhart was Chairman of the Committee, which left nothing undone to make it a success. Much credit is also due Mr. R. H. Atwood for his zeal in selling tickets. When he tackled a person, he generally came out ahead. He sold forty or more tickets. Thanks are also due to all who helped to swell the receipts by the sale of tickets, and that means nearly all the officers and teachers of the school. Miss Slava Snyder, of Cleveland, a last year's graduate of Gallaudet, has been added to the force of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, in the capacity of proof reader.

Ex-Superintendent J. W. Knott was a visitor at the Institution for a short time, Friday evening. Superintendent Jones showed him through the building, and he was gratified at the many changes for the better he observed since leaving here in 1892. He called for some of the teachers under him here, but as they all reside out of

the Institution, he was unable much to his regret, to see any.

Mr. John Mueller stopped at the Institution a short time, Tuesday, on his way to Cincinnati, to be at the bedside of his mother, who is quite sick and not expected to live. He also reported that Mr. Warren Hovestick, a freshman of Gallaudet College, had been called home Monday, by the death of his mother.

Mr. Luther Geer, of Chicago, was here Tuesday, looking for his brother Roy. The latter suddenly left home Sunday, and it is feared that his mind is deranged, and he may be wandering about. Should any one have knowledge of his whereabouts, they will be doing a favor by notifying his parents at Somersford, Ohio.

Over one hundred boxes and packages were received by pupils on Thanksgiving Day.

The suit for \$10,000 damages brought by the father of Mr. Kelly, who with his wife was run over by an electric car, a year or so ago, in Toledo, was recently dismissed at the instance of the Company, on the ground that the two persons were deaf. Mr. Kelly was killed while his wife received injuries which have made her an invalid since.

Mrs. Kelly also had a suit pending on that account, and it too for a like reason was dismissed.

Mr. Matt. Steinwald has come back from Chicago to Toledo. The press feeders in the former city are like wise on a strike, and hence there was no show for him in the "Windy City." He will go to work for the Franklin Printing and Engraving Co., of Toledo.

Joseph Hartz also turned his back on Chicago for a while and is visiting his home in Toledo. He will go back, when the electrical works start up in January.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bell, of Toledo, have received word from their daughter Gertrude, who is in N. Dakota, that she was married on Thanksgiving Day.

Miss Ethel Zell has left off singing "Home, Sweet Home," for she reached it last Sunday after several weeks stay with her mother at Bellbrook. She reports her mother's health as gradually improving.

Miss Emma Bard returned to the city this week from an extended visit with friends in north eastern Ohio. She looks the picture of health and reports having had a most enjoyable vacation.

Mr. Ezra Hedges came up from his home yesterday to attend the Charity ball.

Dec. 5, '03. A. B. G.

Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. James Byron were at Plymouth, a couple of Sundays ago, to visit Miss Katie Gorton.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wirth were up at Scranton, to visit their relatives on Thanksgiving Day. They said they rode on the new Laurel Line between this city and Scranton.

Miss Annie Albert was up at Pittston, on account of her sister being ill. She went to Pittston on Wednesday and did not work in Lambert's dining room on Thursday or Friday morning. The dining room was destroyed by fire in the handsome Y. M. C. A. building in this city while she was away. The building was damaged by water, fire and smoke to the amount of \$7,500, but is insured for \$50,000.

"Professor" will not report in his letter to the JOURNAL his opinion in regard to pledges, until finds out exactly what is to be done, and how.

Jacob Charles Hinz was killed in the Rachel mine in Ohio. Deceased was employed in Oneida, Harrison County, Ohio, where he met with an accident which resulted in his death.

Mr. August Hinz has returned home in Plains, owing to the Williamsport skit-factory being closed. Mr. Hinz has secured work as a shoemaker on North Main Street, this city. We hope he will succeed in working steady.

Only four deaf-mutes who worked in Bertel Son tin factory, lost their positions, owing to the buildings being destroyed by fire last October. The factory will be rebuilt at once, and the deaf-mutes may return to work next Spring or Summer, but all have secured work. Mr. Charles Snyder is working in the Peterstone Colliery, Richard Sheldon is digging for the Lehigh Valley Railroad Co., near Plainsville, Mr. Herman Wirth is still weaving at his home, and is busy. It is unknown to "Professor" what Mr. Glosser is doing. Mr. Snyder said he lost his bicycle in the tin factory ruins.

Mr. and Mrs. William Swartz moved back to Kingston from Harrisburg last month. We were glad to learn that they lived there (Kingston) again. They keep their house for rent or sale at Harrisburg. They said they were not suited to live in Harrisburg, as they were lonesome, and said that all deaf-mutes of Steelton and Harrisburg, were doing well.

Some Sundays ago, Wm. Burge, Theodore Yoos and M. Callahan, of Scranton, and Mr. James Williams and "Professor" were in New York City. They found their old friend, Harry Leibsohn, of

Brooklyn, formerly of this city. Mr. Leibsohn said he would come to this city to live again next summer, if he can secure work in some place. He said business was dull for him in New York City.

Dec. 4, '03. PROFESSOR.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The third annual masquerade ball of the Black Gill Club boys came off Wednesday, November 25th, 1903, at Germania Hall, and was, as usual, a success, both financially and in attendance. Nearly six hundred and fifty tickets were sold. That with other receipts bring the sum total earned well up to a good profit. The various committees in charge were:

Arrangement Committee—Chas. Critchley, general manager; Chas. D. Gibbs, Jacob Breithaupt, William S. Gibbs, Charles Ziegler.

Reception Committee—Samuel DeYoung, Patrick Donahue, Fred House, Sam'l Bliss, Henry Kimmel.

Floor Committee—George Brown, Wm. Hamman, Joseph Baril, William Glassberger, Victor Knittel.

The music was by Hebing's orchestra.

A fine comically dressed band playing an old ditty, marched into the hall near ten o'clock. They opened a way through the crowd for their passage around the room. Every one went into a broad grin or titter of amusement at their grotesque appearance. The leader was a fat German, who looked as if he had just landed.

A John Chinaman showed us he could play too, allee sam-e Melican man, in spite of pig tail and skirt tails being in the wrong place.

A Dutchman, with great patches on his breeches, made the ball echo with the bass drum he pounded every chance he got.

A weary Jew was happy with a pair of Jews harps. So was the crowd, as he did not make much noise.

Happy Hooligan too, was there but he only looked on, and in turn looked at. The Yellow Kid tagged around with a tin horn. An Indian played the fiddle. The band, for appearance and noise, naturally took the prize.

Mr. Stocking dressed as a lame tramp, in garments that must have come from every rag bag within twenty miles of Rochester, so odd and so varied in color and style were they. He had not been shaved since his hair sprouted, some thirty years ago, and safe to say neither had he had a bath. He lacked a shoe, so the part of an old quilt did duty for a shoe. Many thought he had a sore foot and he told us that a farmer caught him sleeping and planted corn in his toes. There was so much dirt on the corns they sprouted.

Mr. Stocking insisted on trying to dance in the wrong place and out of time. For giving the most fun, and for the best comical make up, the prize for the gentlemen should have by right gone to Mr. Stocking, but the judges did not think so.

Fred. Hethier as the "Yellow Kid" was happy only when they were not pulling his ears, or some scamp did not take his lunch bottle away.

Willie Cherry, as "Happy Hooligan," had on Happy's costume, but Willie was so very quiet and shy, as he usually is dressed as a fine dandy. Maybe his clothes made him feel queer, so that he was not his usual jolly self.

A girl in pink as a pink rose, was the centre of admiration until a yellow rose came, and then a white rose joined in the group. The red came last, and as usual, the last was the best. She won the prize of five dollars for the handsomest costume for ladies.

The names of the prize winners are Jack Joseph, (Typical Jew), \$5.00; Mrs. Remhardt, (Red Rose), \$5.00.

The judges were Messrs. Knittel, Shlenker, Doyle, Grassberger and Liehman.

Peter Hughes, of Lima, O., put in an appearance, and he meant to dress up, but in his hurry to catch his train, left his valise at home.

Mr. Travers, of Niagara Falls, accompanied by his deaf friend, Mr. Burke, came early. They reported nothing doing down their way, except that the Falls were still going.

Mr. George Fenton, who has been working in Albion recently, was in Rochester Thanksgiving Eve to attend the ball at Germania Hall. He left for Fairport on the "owl" train.

Frank Seeley, of Belfast, came to town to take in the ball, and also some turkey Thursday, at Power's Hotel, before going home.

Mr. Frank Honck, ex-Fanwoodite, was at the ball too. He came from Fairport.

Willie Christy helped to look after the girls' hats and coats in the cloak room.

Mrs. Gibbs was in charge of keeping money in the girls' hat check room, while Mrs. Charles Critchley, Mrs. Henry Kimmel and Mrs. De Young took charge of the hats and coats.

Mr. Leo Knittel came to Rochester Friday to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. John Francis spent Thursday in Canandaigua, going by trolley on the new road.

Mr. and Mrs. Hezekiah Brown was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wackerman, to spend Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Thomas Goulson's father, of Brockport, died a week ago. Mrs. Dantzer and her two children expect to come back to Rochester again about the last of January, or about the middle of February. We shall be glad to see them back again.

There was a peanut card party about two week ago. Mrs. E. P. Wood captured the largest number, resulting in a fine brush coming to her. Mr. E. P. Wood had the smallest number of all, and he was given a peanut of large size as a consolation prize. Guessing the number of nuts in a jar next came. Mrs. Charles Critchley, the bride, proved herself an expert mathematician and won the prize, a dainty china cup and saucer, donated by Mr. and Mrs. John Francis. Mr. Charles Colgan won the prize on the gentlemen's side, a dainty china cup and saucer. Peanut crisp was also passed around.

CHICAGO.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The Pas-a-Pas Club held its monthly business meeting last night, and its usual transactions and lively discussions were carried on until 10:30.

The Club has authorized its Secretary to send a letter of condolence to Dr. Edward Gallaudet, who is mourning the loss of his dearly beloved wife most severely.

The Literary Circle will give another good entertainment at the Club-rooms on Saturday night, December 26. Come and be wise.

Instead of a Gallaudet Banquet as proposed several weeks ago, we will quietly celebrate the birth of Thomas Gallaudet by reciting reminiscences and stories at our club rooms, on Thursday, December 10th, at eight o'clock P. M. All are welcome.

The resignation of Roy Carpenter was accepted with regrets, on account of his removal to Flint, Mich. He is well liked by all who are acquainted with him. Good luck will follow him all the time, we hope sincerely.

The election of officers of the Pas-a-Pas Club took place. The result is as follows: J. J. Kleinhans, President; S. H. Howard, Vice-President; Geo. Fraser, Second Vice-President; A. J. Waterman, Recording Secretary; J. K. Watson, Corresponding Secretary; B. F. Frank, Treasurer; A. J. Liebenstein, Financial Secretary; Geo. E. Norton, Trustee; M. Schuttler, Sergeant-at-Arms; L. Newman, Assistant at-Arms.

Our genial friend Oscar, H. Regensburg, is acting as Advertising Manager for Eisendath Glove Co., in Chicago. We all predict for him much success.

There was a quiet assemblage of relatives and friends at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus S. Hyman, a short time ago, in the evening. They enjoyed fine singing and piano music and a dainty luncheon, upon the occasion of Mrs. Hyman's birthday.

Edwin J. Bowes' twin sons, accompanied by their grandparents, have gone to Havana, Cuba, for sight-seeing, and will soon start for California, where they propose to bask in warm sunshine, and enjoy fragrant flowers and feast on oranges until Spring.

Mr. Anson R. Spear, and Charles Thompson and his wife, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty, on Wednesday, December 2d. They stopped here for one day, on the way from Minneapolis, Minn., to Thomasville, Ga., where they will sojourn in their own cottage for the winter.

The second Annual Grand Masquerade Ball of the Fraternal Society of the Deaf (Chicago Division No. 1), will be held at Lessing Cluo Hall, 444 Taylor Street, near Center Avenue, on Thursday Evening, December 31st, 1903. Admission, 25 cents a person. Prizes will be given away. Please remember the ball and date!

Mr. Alfred is the Chairman, and is fully determined to make the ball the most brilliant and memorable one this winter. That is the highest ambition of his life. He will be greatly delighted to have all the members of the Anderson Club, at Cincinnati, Ohio, attend the ball in a body, and join him in delirious jollity.

James J. Sansom, M. A., of the Money Order Division of the Chicago Post office, is considering the offer of a clerk of some division New York Post office, for an exchange of positions.

There will be a Christmas Tree at the chapel in the First Methodist Church block, on Thursday, December 24th, at 7:30 o'clock. Mrs. Charles Sullivan, Chairman, is most actively engaged in soliciting funds from friends for the purpose of purchasing presents for all. Bring your children and make them happy.

What is Hydrasclopiopulosis? It is a germ said to be found in the St. Louis drinking water. Horror!

S. H. HOWARD.
Dec. 6, 1903.

FANWOOD.

Birthday Anniversary of Isaac Lewis Peet.

STIRRING ADDRESSES.

A Lecture—Basket Ball—Happenings.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The teachers and pupils of the Institution assembled in the chapel on Friday, December 4th, at three o'clock in the afternoon. They were assembled to honor the memory of our late principal, Isaac Lewis Peet. Teachers were called to the platform to give addresses concerning the life work of him who did much for the welfare of our school. The gist of the remarks were mostly of past reminiscences spent under his principaship, and were found to be of an interesting character. Prof. Fox, Dr. Charles A. Leale and Principal Currier occupied the time in making short addresses. Upon the slate were written the date of the birth and death of our late Principal, and did much to make it understood more plainly. Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., Born December 4th, 1824; Principal 1867-1892; Died December 27, 1898.

Prof. Fox stood on the platform and gave an address on the life of Isaac Lewis Peet. The address was thus: We are now here assembled to recall to memory our late Principal, and to pay tribute to his memory. Born in the American School for the Deaf, at Hartford, Conn., he spent most of his time among deaf mutes. This friendship soon developed into a love for deaf-mutes. This was then the beginning of his career with deaf-mutes. He studied at Yale College, and after graduating became a teacher in the New York Institution, then located at 50th Street. Previous to this he had intended, to become a preacher, having successfully passed the examinations, but he gave it up soon after. He continued to teach and took charge of the High Class in 1853, and became Vice-Principal in 1867. His father, Harvey Prindle Peet, who then held the position as Principal of the Institution, was getting old, and was retired as Emeritus Principal. The principaship of the Institution was given to Isaac Lewis Peet. He served forty-seven years as teacher and Principal. He was retired at the close of the year 1892, being too old to perform the arduous duties of a Principal. Enoch Henry Currier, M.A., who was Vice-Principal to Isaac Lewis Peet, was appointed to the principaship and continues in office to this day. Isaac Lewis Peet was a good man, and a true and faithful friend of the deaf.

As Prof. Fox was speaking, Dr. Charles A. Leale, of the Board of Directors, made his appearance with Principal Currier. He was invited to give an address, to which he pleasantly responded. Dr. Leale gave the address orally, while Principal Currier acted as interpreter in the sign language. His theme was obedience. It was the watchword of the school and home. We should obey our teachers, because they know better than we do. He gave a short biographical sketch of Edward Gibbons, author of the "Decline and Fall of Rome." Gibbons held a prominent position among the historians of the world. Born in luxury, he developed an inclination to become a historian. He had to double his efforts to do so, and succeeded. He fell in love with a talented and accomplished lady. The father objected to her, and bade his son not to love her. The historian did as told, and left her to seek another from high nobility. This illustrates a case in which obedience succeeded. Don't let anger get the better of yourselves. He gave the incident of the Roosevelt affair, at the funeral of Mr. James K. Grace, a cousin of the President. The crank who broke through the cordon of police, and went unmoored to accost President Roosevelt, was criticized for disobeying the law. Obedience is the foundation of all things.

Principal Currier then spoke of the removal of the Institution from 50th Street to Fanwood, which occurred on Dec. 4, 1896. He contrasted the condition of the Institution at that time with that of the present day. He expatiated upon the greater responsibility of the student to-day, surrounded by comforts and furnished with every thing conducive to the elevation of mind and body. If the deaf of to-day do not excel those of the past, they fail to improve their opportunities.

Prof. W. G. Jones gave a lecture entitled "The Purchase of Louisiana," before the members of the Fanwood Literary Association, in the chapel of the Institution, at half past seven. His lecture was interesting, and clearly understood by all. He began with the discovery of America by Columbus,

and the popular delusion that the earth was flat. A map of the United States was on the platform, and helped the lecture to be more clearly understood. History and geography were blended together into one whole lecture. Before the Revolutionary period we did not own the thirteen colonies, they were the property of England. France sent an expedition to the Dominion of Canada, and this resulted in the finding of Louisiana, which clearly occupied the whole territory west of the Mississippi River. France did not seem to care for Louisiana. The treaty of 1776 gave us the original thirteen states which were owned by England. Napoleon, First Consul of France, made a secret treaty with Spain, in which the latter agreed to give the French Louisiana. The taxing of river craft passing down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico was an obstacle to the commerce of the United States. President Jefferson, hearing the numerous complaints of the people against the boundary decisions and its impediment to commerce, made an attempt to purchase Louisiana. He with Robert R. Livingston and James Monroe, in the interests of the people, went to France and asked Napoleon if we could buy Louisiana. The reply that he would sell it for fifteen million dollars sent the United States into enthusiasm over the project. On April 30, 1803, several notable men of the United States met in Paris, and agreed to purchase Louisiana, and to connect it to our territory. Prof. Jones then turned his attention to the coming Louisiana Purchase Exposition, which is to open soon. The measurement of Louisiana was one million square miles, and compared with the original thirteen they were but a pigmy. The usefulness of the Mississippi River to commerce is of great value. The products and resources of Louisiana were named. They will all be exhibited at the exposition. He gave us a description of the numerous wonders to be seen there, and compared them with those of the World's Fair at Chicago. The architecture was graphically described. The exposition will open April 30, 1904. During the time of October 17th to 23d, a Congress of the Blind and Deaf will be held. October 18th will be Helen Keller's Day. The magnitude of the exposition was told in plain sign language. He then dwelt on the value of expositions to human progress. Different exhibits and buildings were described. He gave a list of departments and the exhibits to be given under them. The professor was given an unanimous vote of thanks by the audience, and the meeting was adjourned.

An interesting game of basketball was played in the gymnasium, on Saturday, the 5th, to pass the time. It was an exciting game, and was watched from start to finish by all. The line up:

HUDSONS.	POSITIONS.	WARRENS.
Annett	right forward	Tompeto
Schwartz	left forward	Goldstein
Birk	centre	Byck
Zeiss	right guard	Siegel
Cohen	left guard	Tanzas

Score by halves. First half—Hudsons 7, Warrens 1. Second half—Hudsons 15, Warrens 4. Final score—Hudsons 15, Warrens 5. Fifteen and twenty minute halves.

A change has been made in the regulation uniforms of the officers of the Institution. The cap is of army pattern, having a United States eagle, with the initials of the Institution above it. The change was probably due to the outside people mistaking them for department store delivery wagon drivers.

A fire started in a workman's shanty connected with the construction of the new Dormitory Building, on Sunday, at half past two o'clock in the afternoon. It was used as a shelter for the night watchman. No person was injured as the watchman was on his rounds at the time. The cause was from an overheated stove, setting fire to the woodwork. As the fire was making rapid headway, efforts were made to remove some barrels of oil which were housed nearby. Had they not been removed a serious explosion would have happened. They were removed to a safe distance, and attention was given to extinguishing the flames of the burning shanty. Before it could be extinguished, a smoldering mass of ruins was only left. The damage was slight. The watchman had left twenty-one dollars in his overcoat pockets in the shanty at the time of the fire, and lost it all through his own carelessness.

The Fanwood Reading Circle has been formed again. It is composed of about twenty members, and its object is to instill knowledge in the youthful minds of the pupils. A meeting will be held next month for the election of officers, and then the work of the Circle will proceed.

Cadet Robert Limmer is mourning the death of his father, which occurred on the 28th of November. We sympathize with him in his sorrow.

Cadets Westlake, Berg and McAllister went to see the nearly completed Williamsburg Bridge at Brooklyn on Saturday last. The latter stood with his mouth agape, as he never saw it before. He is one of those "hayseeds" at our school.

The first snowfall of the winter season caused excitement among

the pupils. Smiles were seen on all their faces. The reason was that there were lots of fun at coasting and snowballing in store for them. After they were dismissed from the class rooms and trades schools, they made targets of others by snowballing them. The snow proved to be pretty good for coasting, and they coasted down the hill in the boys' yard to advantage.

The chestnut tree with seven trunks that stood on the lawn is being chopped down. For the past year the tree was found to be decaying slowly, due to old age, and it was deemed necessary to remove it. Many of the graduates of the Institution will remember having seen this towering monarch, and it is with deep regret that it will be seen no more. It was a favorite spot of the girls, who would often sit among its massive trunks.

The pupils returned to school on Monday, November 30th, after a vacation of six days. They enjoyed their Thanksgiving dinners greatly.

Mr. Homer N. Lockwood, a member of the Institution, has presented the Institution with several beautiful burnt leather souvenirs. One of them has been placed in the boys' sitting-room and has on it an extract from a poem bidding us to be cheerful when sorrow comes. The pupils acknowledge it with many thanks.

Cadet Max Lubin returned to school with the smile-that-won't-come-off. The cause was that he became confirmed at his home on Saturday, November 28th, on entering his thirteenth year. He was the recipient of many presents and was congratulated by all his family.

Thanksgiving Day was quietly passed at Fanwood. The pupils who remained at school were not forgotten, and were provided with plenty of good things to eat. One hundred and forty-six of those fat gobblers were killed to satisfy the hungry cravings of the pupils, and they could eat as much their stomachs could hold. Before the dinner, a short prayer of thanksgiving was read and then the jaw grinding and masticating the delicious turkey was begun. All the pupils had their fill, and enjoyed it to satisfaction.

Dominoes and tiddley winks are the favorite games here.

S. C.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. DeVries, of Holland, Neb., invited the deaf of this city to spend Saturday night, November 14th, at their home but most of them could not get away from home, and the men got a lay off from work, the occasion being Tenth Wedding Anniversary. However, quite a number of hearing people helped celebrate their Tin Wedding, and the happy couple received some useful "Tin" presents. Two deaf-mutes were present. They were Messrs. John Rosenthal and Edward M. Cody, of Cheney.

Miss Maude Marshall returned home two weeks ago, after a six weeks' visit in Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean W. Smock, of Omaha, came to Lincoln, Neb., on the 15th, to visit the former's sister and aunt. Mr. Smock returned home in the evening, leaving Mrs. Smock here to visit among her friends until after Thanksgiving.

Miss Maude Marshall and Mrs. D. W. Smock took dinner with Miss Minnie E. Olin, Saturday, the 22d, and after dinner, they all went to University Place, to call on Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hillis. Upon their arrival, they found Mrs. J. M. Chowins, Messrs. Rosenthal and Plenz, were there, and they passed the afternoon very pleasantly.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hillis seem happy, for they now own a home; are also free from the annoyance of rent bills. He had a broad smile on his face last Wednesday, for the boss at the planing mill where Mr. Hillis is employed, gave him an eight-pound turkey to take home. Thanksgiving Day has come and gone.

Mr. Lloyd Blankenship and Miss Ota B. Crawford, both teachers of Omaha Institution for the Deaf, together with Messrs. D. W. Smock, and J. M. O'Brien, of Omaha, and Mr. Leslie Lainsou of Council Bluffs, Ia., swooped down to Lincoln on Thanksgiving morning. They all witnessed the "Illinois-Nebraska" foot-ball game at the Campus Grounds in the afternoon, and returned home on the evening train.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Smock, of Omaha, and Miss M. E. Olin feasted on turkey at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Chowins, Thanksgiving evening.

Mr. Edward Cody's father had a stroke of paralysis, a week ago last Wednesday, at his home in Cheney, several miles from here. It is reported that he is not expected to last long, owing to old age.

Rev. N. F. Jensen held an interesting service last night (Sunday, the 29th), at the Lutheran Church, to an audience of deaf and hearing people. Mrs. J. M. Chowins, Miss Maude Marshall and Minnie E. Olin, sang the hymn "Rock of Ages," in sign language. Rev. Mr. Jensen remains Monday in this city in calling on the mutes

here, and then he goes to Denver, and Colorado Springs, Colorado, from here to conduct a service for the deaf there.

Rev. N. F. Jensen is a young hearing clergyman, and became a missionary for the deaf of Omaha and vicinity on Sunday, May 27th last. He first delivered a sermon in the sign language before the Congregation of Our Saviour, in Chicago, on Sunday, May 17th, and then was installed by Rev. Mr. H. Hallenberg, of St. Louis, in his new field at Omaha. Before he took up the study of the sign language, he had been an assistant in a hearing church in Arcadia and Ft. Wayne, Indiana. However, on account of throat trouble he was obliged to resign. He took up the study of the sign language last Christmas, and is now able to take up work among the deaf. He first delivered a service before the deaf here the last Sunday in July, and we were much pleased over the prospect of having him preach here monthly, the last Sunday of each month. We would be pleased to see and welcome Rev. Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Hasenstab and Mr. Cloud here, to preach for the deaf, if they could possibly come out here.

Mrs. Julia Marshall will return home, next week Monday, from Omaha, where she has been staying for a year with her deaf married daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McGuire.

Nov. 30, '03.

SECOND ANNUAL Masquerade Ball AND Carnival

Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club

AT THE New Leiderkranz Hall 132-134 Manhattan Avenue, corner Meserole Street, Brooklyn.

Saturday Evening, January 30, 1904.

MUSIC BY PROF. AMBROSE K. REIFF.

TICKETS, - - - 25 CENTS

Committee of Arrangements. JOHN D. BUCKLEY, Chairman. P. F. Redington, G. V. Warren, J. E. Taplin, T. O'Grady.

Prizes will be awarded the best costumed lady and gentlemen portraying the subject they present.

How to Reach the Hall.

Take Ferry from foot of Roosevelt Street, or Grand Street, or East 26th Street, or 42d Street, or Houston Street. Arriving in Brooklyn take Bushwick Avenue Trolley cars. From the Bridge take the Graham Avenue trolley cars, and tell the conductor to stop at Leiderkranz Hall.

It is the intention of the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club to make this occasion far surpass any ever yet undertaken, and in addition to the usual features, they have arranged for a masked ball and carnival. Mr. Warren will have charge of the carnival end of the programme, and we think from present indications, will make things hum.

NOTICE

A Grand Bazaar for the benefit of St. Francis De Sales Benevolent Society will be held at Miller's Harmonia Hall, 264 East Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y., Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, December 17th, 18th and 19th, 1903. Admission, 10 cents. Committee—Mr. Leo Knittel, Miss M. A. Carroll, Mr. John Moynihan and Mr. W. A. Briel.

THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:

I have a very few lithographs of the old school, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Foster and Dr. Crocker, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine picture in black and white, size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.

I have, also, a few hundred lithographic Gallaudet Alphabet Cards, the finest ever published, in 13 colors and gold. The size is 6 1/2 x 9 inches. They are nice to give particular hearing friends. There is a card within a card, a blank space on which you can write your name and present your compliments. A marked sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. The cards will not be sold in lots less than half a dozen for 50 cents, or \$1.00 per batch of a dozen.

On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to \$3.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

J. T. ELWELL, 421 North 10th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS

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SOCIAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society

[For the increase of the Death Fund.]

Saturday evening, January 16, 1904

Chester Row Hall 169 Halsey Street Newark, N. J.

Dramatic Performance to be participated in by Mr. and Mrs. John M. Black and other members.

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John M. Black.....Stage Manager

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ALEXANDER L. PACH, Chairman.

THOMAS F. FOX, CHARLES J. LE CLERCQ, MAX MILLER, L. A. COHEN.

THIRTEENTH SEASON

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Deaf-Mutes' Union League

Saturday evening, Dec. 19, 1903

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2. O. W. COURTNEY. Eccentric and Comical Juggler.
3. COURTNEY AND DUNN. The Pretty Singing and Dancing Soubrettes.
4. NO CURE, NO PAY. A Laughable Farce. (By Members.)
5. GUILMETTE. The Wonderful Slack Wire Artist.
6. THE LA VELLES. In their Unique Character Dancing Spectacles.
7. BUSH AND GORDON. The Funny Acrobatic Comedians and Grotesque Pantomimists.

(By Members.)

Curtain will positively rise at 8:30 P. M.

EMIL BASCH.....Stage Director.

Admission, 50c. Gentlemen's Hat Checks, 10c.

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